THE LOST HEIRESS.

A Tale of Love, Battle and Adventure.

EARNEST GLANVILLE.

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CHAPTER XXVI-THE SHADOW OF A CRIME. All this time Capt. Blaine had not been spending such happy moments as he had anticipated. The fact is, he had ridden out to Kopje Alleen with the intention of making what, in his inmost heart, he regarded as a magnanimous sacrifice of his prospects. His love for Mary was still unformed, a sentiment of affection lingering on the borderland of pity. Consequently, in his half-formed plans for the future, he had thought only of himself, and had taken it as a matter of course that this country girl, whom he was about to honor, and for whom he had already surrendered so much, would gratefully accept him.

He learnt that day that he had very mistaken notions of Miss Rath. knew she was beautiful, but he did not know that when it came to a question of which should be honoring the other, he would be the honored one.

From what Pala had so audaciously told him, he expected to find Mary overwhelmed with joy at his return; instead, beyond that first swift rush of color, she had been frigidly calm, with a trace of that gracious sweetness that was natural to her and could not be suppressed.

Blaine was puzzled at first, then he set himself to win from her some sign of feeling, and in doing so his halting love grew apace.

It was hard for Mary to resust his winning ways and to show no sign, but though her eyes were sad and her voice sometimes trembled, she remained true to her unspoken resolution not to mar Captain Blaine's prospects in life by any

"It was kind of you," he said, at last, in desperation, 'to send a message to me by Pala. I have not forgotten it, though you have. "

A trace of color came into her cheeks. "I thought," she said, "I might have asked a favor of Siravo, but he told Fala that he could spare no soldier. My message therefore could only have raised hopes that were doomed to failare, and i bitterly regretted having raised them. A load was lifted off my nind when I heard of your escape. She turned her eyes upon him with

deep look of thankfulness. "I do not see, " said Blaine, gloomilv, "what Sirayo had to do with your message, but you are perfectly right in saying my hopes were blighted. "

"I am so sorry," she answered th a slight quiver. "I told Pala to with a slight quiver. tell you that your friends were working for you, because I believed the chief would have released you to my request. ?

'Was that all, '' be asked in tone of such disappointment, as to draw a look of surprise from her. "Oh, I beg your pardon, it was good of you to have thought of me, and the knowledge that you were planning for my escape cheered me. Did Pala give you any message from me?" Again Mary blushed. "Pala, I am

afraid, is a very unreliable messenger. The fact was the Zulu girl had brought tack exaggerated messages of love from

Did she not give you the portraits I gave into her care for you?" "Portraits-no. What portraits?"

"Why, the portraits of my mother and of Kate, a little friend of mine." "Portrait of your mother. Oh, what can have become of it? I would have treasured it indeed. I will ask Pala about it. She has strange fancies and may have kept them back. "

shadow passed the window. Dalston had paused outside at the sound of nces and overheard the last few sentences. He gathered from the words that Blaine had not connected the porrait of little Kate Daiston with Mary Eath, and that the latter knew nothing of such a person as Kate Dalston or of the matrimonial projects capped out for Blaine. Upon that inspiration of his he rashly determined to act.

He appeared at the door as Mary was rising to call Pala, and his presence prcvented her from carrying out her inten-

She greeted him with a look of deep gratitude, which Blaine in his irritable need mistook for another sentiment.

They sat there a silent trio, ill at ease with one another, the men tugging at their moustaches,

Blaine, ' said Dalston, putting his plan into effect, with brutal directness.

'I should like to know upon what you can found your congratulations, unless it is upon the pleasure of your pres-

"That is scarcely gallant, " said Dalston, quickly, then turning to Miss Rath with an ironical air he continued: "Our friend here has quite a romantic history. He has been lucky enough to be betrothed quite in the old style to an heiress, who singularly enough is my cousin. suppose I ought to envy him, but upon my soul I wish him good fortune. You see why I congratulate you."

Blaine was disgusted at the offensive manner in which this uncalled for disclosure was made, but he replied quietly. "I can scarcely see, Capt. Dalston, why you should introduce a matter of no interest, and of such an entirely personal character. "

Dalston laughed. "Well, it is of great interest to me. for unless you marry Miss Dalston, I share in the fortune. However, I take the opportunity of relinquishing my

claims and wishing you success." He looked at Mary, thinking he had done an excellent stroke in knocking Blaine out of the running, and is

strengthening his own claims. However, her reply enlightened him. 'I agree with Capt. Blaine 's she

said, gravely, "that it is scarcely just to Miss Dalston to discuss her future in the presence of a stranger like me. " "Thank you, Miss Rath, " said Blaine

earnestly, "but as this matter, without any reason that I can imagine, has been started, I may be allowed to add a further explanation. It is true that certain plans were made for my future, but it appears to me to be neither just to me nor to the lady to continue them, and I am afraid I cannot accept Capt. Dalston's well wishes." "What do you mean by that?" asked

Dalston, gruffly. "My meaning, I imagine, is perfectly

clear, " Blaine replied-"I must apologize to Miss Rath, for persisting in what must be regarded as a breach of courtesy. Do not you think I have acted rightly?"

'Oh, I don't know,'' said Mary, clasping and unclasping her hands, in evident agitation. "Do not act bastily. 'You-surely you would not have two people tied together, whether they like it or not, " Blaine persisted.

-BY-

Author of "Among Cape Kaffirs," The Fossicker," Etc., and Edward Rapler.

"No, of course not. That is-I don't know. But there are your prospects in life.'

"Prospects" said Blaine, with a sense of keen disappointment that mercenary views of marriage should exist in this remote place. "Pardon me, Miss Rath," he said, with a bitter smile, "but mercenary views would not have

the least influence with me. " Mary, in her pain, at being misunderstood, and in confusion, at the singular development of matters so contrary to what had been expected, gave up battling against the fates. "Forgive me," she said, with a brilliant blush, and a look which brought the blood with a rush

into Blaine's gallant face.

Dalston watched this interchange of glances with a dark and threatening frown. His little plot had turned upon

"Do you know the legend of Kopje Alleen, Miss Rath," he asked abruptly,

in harsh tones. Mary turned to him with a shy smile "What makes you recall that gloomy history. The Zulus say, you know, that it is an augury of coming trouble to talk

"We are not superstitious," he answered, with a grim smile. "Pray tell it us. I should like to hear the story while in the shadow of the hill itself."

Thus pressed, Mary told the tragedy of love and jealousy, and patricidal mur-

"I think," she said, woman-like, going unerringly to the fault in her own sex, "that the girl was to blame for her thoughtless conduct. "

"Do you," said Dalston, with a strange look, "well, you may be right. My opinion is that Gert went the wrong way to work. He should have married the girl, if necessary by force, and need not have killed his brother, unless the young fool interfered.'' He turned his dark eyes upon Blaine.

"What do you think?" he demanded. Before Blaine, who had regarded Capt. Dalston with a steadfast and searching look, could reply, Mr. Rath

appeared from the other room. Greeting the two officers gravely, he asked his daughter to see about getting coffee made, a task which took her out of the house.

"I wish to say a word to you, gentlemen. I have overheard your conversation, and detected in it a tone of hostility, nay, do not interrupt, which is due to a regard on the part of each of you for my daughter. I do not seek to know the measure of that regard, nor when it originated, nor can I object to any honorable sentiment towards her, but I do object to these constant visits which may bring sorrow to my child. " He paused and passed his hands acros-

'I do not wish to seem unkind, and especially to you, Capt. Dalston, but there are reasons for a resolution which to you may appear exacting. I hope, gentlemen, you will not return here un til the war is over. Then, sirs, and not until then, you may appear as suitors, and he who gains my daughter's love will receive my consent. Understand from me, however,'' he continued firmly, 'if I detect then, a feeling of animosity between you, I will close the door upon you both God knows the curse of jealousy has marred my life and I will not have Mary exposed to the same

danger. " "Mr. Rath," said Blaine, "your daughter's happiness is as dear to me as it is to you. I do not know in what way my conduct can have given you uneasiness, but I will respect your command. he held out his hand. and there was in his clear, blue eye such a stamp of truth as to drive the worried look from the old man's face.

"God bless you, lad," he said. "Do not think me harsh. Say good-bye to Mary, but be brief."

Blaine bowed gravely to Dalston and passed out. He found Mary at the back of the house, questioning Pala about the portraits. She approached to meet him but paused with fading color when she saw the grave look on his face.
''Good bye, Miss Rath.'' he said.

lifting her hand and looking long into her expressive eyes. Good bye!'' she said ''Why?''

"Your father will explain:-Mary" he continued, using her name for the second time, "I cannot say all my heart does feel, but remember 1 will- return when the war is over. I will return for

"When the war is over," she murmured, but he had gone. With hands clasped before her, with heaving breast, and eyes fixed on his retreating figure she stood, a beautiful picture, and so standing Dalston saw her.

"Ah," he muttered, "it is so. He is the invored one, but he must first reckon with me." "What! Are you going also?" said

"Yes, Miss Rath-but I will return." he added, with a low laugh. "See, you are standing in the shadow of the hill. What a fool Gert was to have shot his brother, when he might have run away with his lady-love. Good-bye, Miss Kate-I beg pardon, Miss Mary.'

CHAPTER XXVII .- THE GENERAL'S EN-GAGEMENT.

Capt. Dalston rode off to Constitution camp, a fortified place, held chiefly by Oham's renegade Zulus- while Capt. Blaine and the Basuto went off to the little Dutch village of Utrecht.

"Well, Dick."

"You know dot man Rowe? Wel. 'twas dot same made dot fire from Kopje Alleen."

"Yes, " said the officer, listlessly, his mind on other matters. "Yaas, he tole me somefin mighty curious, bass. He say he tink dere will

be some troubles here by Kopje Alleen.''
'Why does he think so?'' said Blaine sharply, suddenly realizing that the Basuto had really something to tell him. "I dunno. He tole me somfing 'bout

de way Capt. Dalston he look, when he ride up. Dot capen he look all about de place. 'Zamine de back door-so Rowe place. say, und he got a plan."
"A plan-what for?"

"Why, you see, bass, he make a ting which shine like a star. You know we see him from de hill. Wall, you see, if so be anyting, happen he show dat light from de hill, und we mus' drap everyting

und ride for Kopje Alleen. 1 "That is a nice plan, Dick," remarked the officer with a smile. is going to watch all day for the lightand how do you know that Rowe will not

lead you off on a wild goose chase."
"No wild goose, sieur," replied Dick, gravely—"Miss Mary, Rowe tinking Luckily the men were winded, and about. Light will shine out when my

shadder is grown so high as my knee after dinner hour." "That would be about 3 o'clock," mused Blaine, who from the Basuto's evidently sincere manner, was inclined to give ear to his plan. "And why did Rowe tell you this, Dick."

"Well, sleur, if was dis way. Skin-Jacket is a white man, but he take snuff mit me, and when he ask me help you look after dot young missy, ef maybe anyting happen, I say yes. Dot is so.' Blaine rode on with his mind keenly alive to any possible dangers which might beset Miss Rath, and once or twice Dalston's inopportune reference to the Kopje Alleen tragedy with his comments thereon crossed his mind.

Dick dismounted to tighten girths, but when Capt. Blaine had gone out of sight he mounted and struck across veldt to the right. An hour after he overtook his officer.

"Your horse is blown, you must have ridden hard. What have you been doing?' "Watch Bass Dalston." "Watching Capt. Dalston! Under-

stand, my man, I will not have you act as a spy."

"Yah," said Dick, stolidly, without any idea of the meaning of the word spy. "Baas Dalston ride straight to dot schelme (rascal) Dwani, Oham's induna. What for, ch?''

"Enough," said Blaine, sternly, Dick took up his position in the rear. where he ruminated upon the stupidity of white men in shutting their eyes to

awkward facts. He put the question to himself. "Whyfore Capen Dalston go to Dwani? Cose Dwani a rascal. And why go to rascal? Cause will do rascally work. Dot is so.''

On the third day after leaving camp, Capt. Blaine and his attendant returned. Almost the first person they saw was Capt. Dalston, and Blaine threw a look at his servant as much as to say: "Your suspicions were baseless."

Dick that afternoon spent an hour watching the growth of his shadow When it had stretched out to a length corresponding to the length of his leg below the knee he fixed his eyes on the far off ridge.

Then he marched off to the mess tent where Blaine with some other compan ions were enjoying the afternoon smoke. and stood patiently waiting until he was "What is it, Dick?" called out

Blaine. "All's well," remarked Dick solemnly, saluted and marched off, leaving Blaine to bear the chaff of his brother

officers at this singular address. War has its humors as well as its terrible tragedies. On the next day there was a mingling of the two. The camp was now pitched on a slope facing the mountain with which we are already familiar, in connection with Blaine's escape. At the approach of the column Sirayo had of course slipped away with his 200 followers. and as was known to Colonel Buller, had taken up a position among the broken hilly country, behind the mountain. Some half dozen of the huts which had escaped the torch at the assault by the cavalry a few days previously, remained

standing, but deserted. They offered a tempting bait to the curiosity and cupidity of a few camp natives, one of whom was nicknamed Cetewayo after the Zulu king, on account of his plumpness.

When the morning broke, Col. Buller at the head of three troops of horse, skirted the mountain and entered into s narrow and richly cultivated valley, which opened on its far end, upon the ridges occupied by Sirayo.

Some time after the departure of the rough horse, the commander-in-chief, through his field glass, observed natives nitting about the huts opposite.

"What," he thought, "Zulus ac-tually prowling about in the open day in full sight. I must teach them a lesson. Orders were instantly issued. A battery of field guns limbered up and iment of 800 were lined in review order. The general rode down the line, and with pleasure noted how delighted the men looked at the prospect of a fight, though somewhat puzzled as to the whereabouts of the enemy.

"Where the ---- are we going to, " said "Fight the old thief, Cetewayo. Wouldn't I like to get a slant at him with my bayonet, ''said another. ''Oh, get along, Cetewayo's at Ulundi, ten days march, and we've not a day's ra-

.. Well, never mind where we're going, so long as there's to be a scrim-The general examined the buts, to see

what impression his preparation had made on the enemy. None-absolutely none. The variets were loitering about as though there were

no British soldiers within a hundred miles. "Plant a shell among them, sir. March!"

The guns took up position, and in a few seconds the shells shricked through the still air like spirits of destruction. The soldiers, now awaking to the sur-

prising fact that the enemy was only mile off, though evidently concealed from view, advanced with a cheer. They crossed the dongs and doubled up towards the buts.

The half-dozen camp followers at the mountain were rather curious about the preparations in camp, but when a shell dropped into a but and scattered its fragments about them they considered that they were in the way. Accordingly they gathered behind a large rock, from which they watched the approach of the long red line, with the glittering row of bayonets, with much satisfaction.

Their masterly retreat, however, was regarded by the general as a piece of deep strategy, and the order was given to take the position at a rush. Nothing ioth, the soldiers, with a wild cheer, dashed forward-and then it dawned on the mock Cetewayo, that he and his brother friendlies were not mere spectators of a giorious promenade, but principals in a real tragedy. He imparted his suspicious to the others at the pos-sible thought that these eight bundred fleros red jackets, with those terrible three-edged bayonets, were coming against them, they bolted like rabbits

for crannies among the rocks. Cetewayo was too fat to run, but he held his rifle up above his head to show his friendliness.

This innocent act was misinterpreted. "See, my lord, he is going to shoot you, '' yelled out one excited soldier.
''Yes,'' said another, over zealous,
'the is ramming down ball.'' A feat it

may be remarked truly marvelous considering all rifles in use were breechloaders. "Kill the beggar," they yelled, and with a rush half a dozen ferocious men enclosed the hapless friendly.

"Me Ceteways, me Cetewayo, no stab," cried out the poor fellow, in supplicating tones. "Cetewayo, are you-you- Take that you- And that you blank, blankedly, blank-"

could transfix bis maked, black body. However, though he dedged about with great nimbleness, he received several severe scratches. The men were terribly disappointed when they found there was to be no fighting, but who can describe the mortification of the general and his brilliant staff who were mercilessly roasted that same night by the colonel on his return. Happily at Ulundi in the defeat of the real Cetewayo, both general and men wiped out the memory of the practical joke, unconsciously played upon them by the sham Cetewayo.

Meanwhile, Buller and his men were embarked on a more serious business. There were several small villages in the peaceful valley through which the horsemen slowly passed, and many patches of waving maize, but not a sign of human life. Women and children had fied into the gloomy depths of forest fastnesses to the South, and the men were sullenly retiring under the battery of artillery drawn up on a ridge, on the far left.

When the half squadron of horse reached the mouth of the valley they drew rein to look upon the panorama spread out. To the left was a dark mass. from which, at regular intervals, columns of smoke burst forth, then rolled upwards in spreading plumes. The valley opened upon ground broken up by strangely formed hollows, forming gigantic bowls, outlined in rocks, with a higher ridge to the right.

Scattered about over this broken country, but making for one point, were the Zulus slowly retiring, gathered together in knots here and there, to watch the course of a shell-"boom by-and-bye," as they called them in English-but all unconscious of the cavairy drawn up on their flank.

"Now, we have them," said the colonel. He gave his orders with promptness, having taken in the situation at a glance. "Forward!"

The force, breaking up in three lines, swept on, and, at the same instant, a white horse dashed out from behind a neighboring kopje, and took a position upon a point which commanded the best view.

The horse and rider stood motionlessthe long plumes rising from the proud head above.

"Sirayo-Sirayo!" shouted the keeneyed Basutos and firing as they went, away they dashed for the famous chief. Sirayo watched their approach, then waved his hand above his head, and in that wonderful voice-like the roar of a lion-called to his men to rally round him.

(To be Continued.)

DANCING AND SKATING.

Words to Girls-The Dance a Mere Adjunct to Flirting and Marriage,

Social Fishing Ponds of To-Day-The Contrast of Skating-Why Every Girl Should Skate-Ice Champions-

[Copyright 1890, by the Author.] It has been said by the wise of all ages that men and women may be judged by their amusements; that is that their character may be accurately tested by the things which afford them pleasure or recreation; because such things are the expression of their individual taste; though it is true that even amusements are controlled by season, fashion, locality, and various other determining

However, it may be safely asserted that during the present winter months dancing and skating are likely dominate, and if, "I only think my thoughts, perhaps they'll please to consider whether they will not think that they may seem to deserve their consider ation.'

make a profession of pleasure, that they might find a more satisfactory way of seeking it, than by spinning like a to-tum in a room of eighty degrees temperature. Dancing that means anything I have a high respect for, not forgetting the number of respectable names associated with the exercise in Biblical history But I think it must have been a very different kind of thing from our shuffling of feet-this way, that way, and no way in particular. Certainly, if Herodias' doughter had danced a modern cotillien John Baptist's head would never have fallen at her feet.

All ancient dances were symbolical; they meant something. Every motion was a thought, every attitude a sentiment. The religious dances of Judas were triumphant adoration: the martial dance of Greece, the very romance of military enthusiasm; the comic dances of Southern Europe, better than a play; the fandango of Spain, as an expression of the whole passion of love able to move the stony hearts of an Inquisitorial Con-

Coming nearer to our own time. John Davis wrote a poem "as good as a sermon'' in favor of the dance; Milton looked with more pleasure on the feats of the light, fantastic foot than his Puritan principles warranted; Locke advised that every child be taught dancing; Sully was himself an accomplished dancer; and Richelieu used to pay court to Anne of Austria by performing before a saraband in which he was dressed in green velvet, with bells on his feet, and castanets in his hand. But their stately movements and graceful minuets were very different things from our slouching, mathematical dawdling and promiseuous spinning and bobbing around.

What does our modern dancing mean? And what is its object? The first question I am unable to find any answer to; the latter, I think, may be more easily resolved. For if we admit dancing to be a proper adjunct to flirting and mere matrimonial business, its value is evi-dent. It puts all men upon the same intellectual level. It is not given to many to talk sensibly and well at a moment' notice; but they can all 'look unutter-able things.' It also gives shy men an easy passport to the proximity of the girl they would not dare to approach without its license. And it permits him advantages the promenade or conversa-

tion simply would not tolerate. In this light it has a positive value in the matrimonial market, and consequently it is a real commercial value. But it turns a salon or drawing room into social fishing pond, and though being angled for may be a delightfully exciting game, there is always the drawback of being liable to be caught.

Now, the true foundation of amuse nent is not ulterior profit of any kindit is that demand for social intercourse produced by high animal spirits and ight hearts, and if our thermometers do their duty below freezing point, this end will soon be admirably attainable in the xereise of skating. No pursuit is so purely idle, gay, aristocratic. For it does not depend upon cleverness, strength or gracefulness so

spontaneous growth of natures never compelled to measure themselves the last except by themselves; is only in the power of those to whom time is no object. Still there are some points in good eksting which the most indefatigable practicer would be long in finding out; for instance, the fact that half the work is done by the foot that is off the ice.

Slowness of action, uprightness, and ease in crossing the legs are indispensible to a first-rate performer. The English skater recognizes the straight knee as a most important acquirement; though every skating country has its own peculiarity of carriage. Europeans there is a general tendency to attudenizing; though the folded arms and forward slope of the Hollander, is the scorn of the stylish English skater. who particularly affects the firm leg, upright body, hands by the side, and the pendent leg close in by its fellow. Holland, by tradition, is accounted

the skating nation of the world. I doubt if there are any real grounds for this distinction; indeed, I believe there are great numbers of American skaters who habitually execute figures on the Central park lake, New York, which would draw admiring crowds in Haarlem and Utrecht. The Hollanders skated as a necessity-not as an amusement or artuntil railways took the place of canals, and even where there are no railways there is little artistic skating for mere idle pleasure.

Indeed, the intimate knowledge of

Northern nations which we have gained the last quarter of a century shows us that in the countries where lee is a certainty. there precisely it is the least valued as a source of amusement. In fact, s contradictory is human nature, that the very uncertainty of the conditions for skating seems to produce the most enthusiastic devotees; and it is not in St. Petersburg, but in New York and London the most accomplished skaters are

Of course there are exceptions. Canada would be a dangerous autagonist, though her best foot might well hesitate to run with the famous fenskaters of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire; men who, with long runners and a fair wind behind them, will score easily seventy to eighty miles a day; and in their winter races on the Witham, do their mile in about two minutes.

Their position is worth noting. They hold the body upright as at a dance keep the arms straight from the shoulder to the wrist; move the body massivelybut not obliquely-to and fro, darting the legs out sideways with amazing rapidity, and above all, doing all the real work from the hips. Moving thus, it is a sight to see them do a half mile burst at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Not many years ago the Lincolnshire volunteers performed the feat by which a Dutch army once repulsed a force of Freuchmen on the Scheldt-with rifle in hand they skated the same distance in with the "captain at their 'fours' head, majestic and wonderful to be-

There is a tradition that Benjamin West was able to trace in his skate on the ice the outlines of any statue that might be named to him. I am quite unable to imagine such artistic skating, and can only take refuge from the oppressiveness of the idea in the confidence that it can't be true. In fact if I had not moral convictions against the permissibility of betting I would not hesitate to "back" the audacious pirouetters and marvellous figurantes of Central Park, New York, against the lords of the Serpentine, the Scheldt, Neva or of all the world besides.

Skating is a healthy amusement, hearty, seasonable, social; and full of opportunities for good will and good fellowship; and with an undoubting conscience, we may wish all knights and lames of the los this winter, a free roll from every side to side of a broad sheet of water, the wind blowing fair from behind, the ice firm as marble and smooth AMELIA E. BARR.

Literary Gossip.

BY ERNEST P. ROOSER. Rudyard Kipling is one of the most prolific geniuses the world of letters has ever produced. I use the word "genius" advisedly, for Kipling seems to possess a large share of that sacred fire that burns into the scroll of fame, the few, the immortal, names that were not born to die. He is a mere boy, so far as his years are concerned, but by

his works he ranks as an author well on Having made himself famous as a writer of short stories, he is now posing as the author of a serial novel than this, the booksellers are now offering you a handsome volume of ballads by Rudyard Kipling. What is this literary progidy? A boy who can write better short stories than Guy de Maupassant, a better novel thau William Black, and better ballads than any living poet, is a phenomenon not to be sneezed at. Chatterton is known to us as "the marvellous boy.'' What shall we call Kip-

ling? Jerome K. Jorome is giving Kipling a close race for contemporary honors in the realms of fiction. Jerome is handicapped by the fact that he has no striking background for his work. Kipling is a cosmopolitan-he calls himself "the man from nowhere." Jerome is a Londoner. But, after all, genius is greater than environment. Jerome has won fame and distinction against heavy odds, for he stamped his personality on cur rent literature in spite of the fact that he has never been to Africa or Asia. Rider Haggard and Rudyard Kipling were blessed by queer experiences in strange and remote lands. Jerome has seized the garlands still to be gathered in a field already closely gleaned. To my mind he has accomplished a greater task than Haggard or Kipling.

I referred in my last article to the growing popularity of George Elliot. In this connection it is interesting to note that among the striking Christmas books are two illustrated editions of "Romola, '' by American publishers. The book is published in two volumes, handsomely bound, and the illustrations are a triumph in the engraver's art. The set costs \$6, and forms a fine present for one who loves good literature well preserved.

is worthy of Professor Koeh's attention. It afflicts nearly every great writer in the world. Daudet tells us that he suffers agony before he begins his work in the morning. His hands grow cold, his body perspires, his head throbs. After he has summoned sufficient resolution to begin his writing these unpleasant symptoms disappear; he begins to grow calm and hopeful, and as the hours pass he takes intense pleasure in his task. I have beard Frank R. Stockton, Bronson Howard and other well-known authors and playwrights disoribe their sufferings from the nervous disorder described above. Perhaps it would be well if the horreur de plume afilicted the maignificant scribblers who flood our book stands with unreadable trash. Unfortunately that disease—if it can be called such much as upon self-confidence and practice. The first of these qualities is the

makes a target of genius. It spared neither Walter Scott or Thackersy. If you have ever endured its horrors you may indulge the belief that you have in you the making of a great author.

The season of the Christmas stories is at hand. Would that Dickens could give us another romance of Yule tide worthy of those famous tales that a past generation welcomed with applause! Scrooge and Toby Veck and Tiny Tim! Year after year the Christmas season brings them forward and we look in vain for their successors.

THE TANGLER.

Divers Enigmas and Odd Conceits for Bright Wits to Work Out.

Any Communications Intended for This Deparment Should be Addressed to E. B. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine-

309 .- A Curious Cure. A young duck of a doctor, beginning his course.
Of attending to patients for better or worse.
Was employed to prescribe for a woman, one

day, With the hope that his skill would her suffer-When he felt of her pulse and examined tongue,
With a natural shyness because he was youn.
He inquired in what work she was daily en ployed,
For her symptoms were such he was greatly annoyed.

She replied, with a blush of a juvenile maid 'I suppose you might call me a hatter trade.'

Therenpon the physician with wonderful Did remove from this patient the who But, mirabile dictu! his hair stood on and And the change ne observed he could comprehend; For the patient had gone many feet up ground,
Was slive, and the physical functions were

Nor was this all the change that appeared to his aight; He discovered the patient at work with his might.
And although the mutations were rather com-What astonished him most was a change in the

310,-Numes teal. When wearied and exhausted quite
2, 3, 4, 1 we take at night;
5, 5, 7, 8 names a great college.
A fountain head of useful knowledge;
The grandsire of your grandsire find
In 1 to 8, if so inclined.
NELSONIAN. 311 -A Mystery Solved.

The first was just out, and the members were gathered about, earnestly discussing some matter of all absorbing interest. It seemed, from occasional words that might be overheard, that some important event was to take place on the morrow. morrow.

The second where they were assembled was being decorated as if for some gala day, and so much enthusiasm was displayed, that a bystander could not fail to feel interested, although he might not know the cause.

But hush, someone has opened a closet door, and prying eyes can discern some brilliant object neatly folded and lying on a shelf. It looks like, yes, it is a third. Ah, that is the key to the mystery. We will surely be on hand tomorrow.

the mystery. We will surely be on hand to-morrow.

"To-morrow" dawned bright and clear, a fit-ting day for the display of loyalty which so many were to witness. For on that day was to be raised a lotal which the members of the first had secured by their own labors and self-sacri-fice; and the cheer after cheer which filled the air after the ceremony showed in what estima-tion their labors were held by the crowd.

ETHYL.

312,-Rhyming Decapitations. O, how the rain comes pelting down!
The streets now run in —
And 'tis, since daylight disappeared,
Dark as a brace of — Where are the bright, electric lights, Our hamlet's joy and —? The storm has disarranged the wires, We in the dark must —.

The linesmen should use greatest care

But see, the stars are peeping out, The storm, I think, is ——, Our ride will, after all, you see, Be quite a pleasant —. Mas E.

313,-Double Oblong. First Obleng. 1. To write. 2. To trespass. A clinker. 5. A chimney cap. 5. Alienated. Part of a fish. 7. A vehicle. 8. A machine. A voyage. 10. A preposition. 11. Au ani-

9. A voyage. 10. A preposition. 11. An animal.

Second Oblong—1. An insect. 2. An ore of tangsten. 3. Total. 4. A small fish. 5. A pronoun. 6. Kindred. 7. A period of history. 8. Hind part of the knee. 3. A passage. 10. To adorn. 11. Goddess of revenge.

Join with the letters of a word denoting the name of a bird, and get these words of seven letters. 1. A banner. 2. Pertaining to a sine. 3. A small fish. 4. The hide of an animal. 5. Additional. 6. A sort of pigeon. 7. Flesh of slain animals. 5. A kind of cotton cloth. 9. A fugitive. 10. Deserted. 11. An office held by a doge.

C. E. N. 314-Angeram "I sell not tea," but what I sell Is what I do not own; Is what I do not own;
I am a fraud, as law-books tell.
With name that sounds high-flown,
And one, I venture to assert,
Yaw solvers was saw.

ew solvers ever saw. I none will guess unless expert In what belongs to law. NELSONIAN. 315.-Letter Enigma.

BY SOUND. Construct a sentence (in the potential meaning possibility of effort, out of the f ing articles:

1. A part of the face. 2. A body of w. An exclamation. 4. A tree. 5. A measure. Name of a river. 7. A plant. 8. A verb converging tracks of a railroad. 316. -Transposition. When proud Chicago, city doomed Was by devouring flames consume. Then, when the fire has done its w And scattered everywhere it lay, Sad relic of the fire-fiend's sway. Turn we from this gloomy theme. Which seems like half-forgotten dre To one more cheerful, one that tells of happy greetings. The ground was covered o'er with of happy greetings, marriage bells; Of happy greetings, marriage bells; Of marriage belles I ought to say, My real menaing to convey. Here second shows itself so plain That further telling would be vain.

J. McK. Answers. 360,-Mill, Tennyson, Carey, Browning, Deland, Craik. 301.—Monkey 302.—Homon

302.—Homony-my.
303.—Canary, Thrush, Sparrow, Oriole, Linnet, Starling, Lark, Robin, Martin, Ortolan,
Swallow, Owl.
304.—Forum, form.
305.—A pillow.
206.—Reevs, sever, serve, veers, verse, ever's.
307.—Blood and thunder stories.
305.—Name, mean, mane, amen.

A neat little home dress was of a beau-The horreur de plume is a malady that tiful tint of doe colored cashmere. It had a full corsage with a trimming of bronze brown velvet ribbon carried on either side from the shoulder seam around to the front edge of the armbole. The two lengths were then brought forward to meet in a point on the bosom Another length of ribbon was carried about the lower edge of the bodice to the point in front, where it coaxed the full plants down. The skirt took the simple sheath shape and was finished with three

> With women the corsage bouquet with street gowns is no longer considered good form, but the larger the bouton niere is, which the men wear, the

There were velvet sleeves.

narrow bronze brown velvet frills.

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